

Wolverine #56

Full Script, First Draft
For Axel Alonso
Marvel Comics

“The Man in the Pit”

Written by
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Page One

Five Panels

- 1.1) Wendell Rayfield is lying in bed, reaching out to turn off the alarm on his digital clock. The clock reads 6:00 am. He's wearing pajamas. His eyes are bloodshot because he hasn't slept very well. He hasn't slept much at all since his wife left him. Wendell's a lost and lonely man looking down the business end of forty, a former cop with the gnarled hands of a brawler and a face like 1000 miles of bad road.

1 SFX: ZERRR ZERRR ZERRR

2 CAPTION: Come 6 AM, the alarm clock blares like a foghorn. But I'm not startled in the least.

3 CAPTION: I've been awake for an hour or more, just lying here...

- 1.2) Wendell's in his boxer shorts and socks, ironing his work clothes, which look like something a mechanic would wear, including the shirt with his name above the pocket.

4 CAPTION: Watching the minutes tick away...

- 1.3) Dressed in his freshly ironed work clothes, Wendell neatly makes his bed.

5 CAPTION: Anxious for the day to begin.

- 1.4) And neatly packs his lunch in a lunchbox. His house is very neat and orderly.

6 CAPTION: Didn't get much sleep, but after two and a half cups of Extra Bold Sumatra, my

eyeballs are jumping out of their
sockets...

- 1.5) Wendell walks out the front door of his average looking,
working class home, heading toward the one car in the
driveway.

7 CAPTION:

And I'm good to go.

Page Two

Six Panels

- 2.1) Wendell's car pulls into the parking lot at his work, which looks like your average, run-of-the-mill warehouse.

NO COPY

- 2.2) Wendell swipes his ID card at the door, like anyone might do at a normal job.

NO COPY

- 2.3) Inside, there's a security guard behind a desk, his feet up, reading the paper. Wendell strolls through, heading toward an elevator.

1 GUARD: Hey, **Wendell**. You see that game last night?

2 WENDELL: No, I missed it.

3 GUARD: Oh, it was a classic. **Helluva** fourth quarter.

- 2.4) Inside the elevator, Wendell has to put his hand up to a scanner. There are no buttons to press for different floors.

4 COMPUTER VOICE: Please place your hand on the scanner...

5 COMPUTER VOICE: Thank you. Going down.

- 2.5) Wendell rides the elevator down, whistling to himself.

NO COPY

- 2.6) From Wendell's POV, we see the elevator doors opening, revealing half a dozen men in black SWAT team like gear,

including helmets or masks, something that obscures their faces. One of them wears what look like night vision goggles. All of them are aiming big machine guns right at our face.

6 SFX: ping

7 COMPUTER VOICE: Basement level. Please do not make any sudden movements.

Page Three

Six Panels

3.1) We're looking at Wendell from the POV of the guard with the goggles, and it turns out they're x-ray goggles. We see Wendell's skeleton waving at us, and we see the contents of his lunchbox.

1 WENDELL: Hey, Karl, 'zat you?

2 X-RAY MAN (from off): Hey, Wendell. You see that game last night?

3.2) Wendell strolls through the guys, smiling like this is all totally normal. The guards are lowering their guns, at ease now.

3 WENDELL: Yeah, helluva fourth quarter, huh?

4 X-RAY MAN: Sure was.

3.3) Wendell's opening a door in a gate of metal bars, like you'd see in a prison.

5 SFX: Bbzzzzzzzzzz

3.4) Behind bulletproof glass, a gorgeous, young secretary sits at a desk, wearing a tight fitting sweater, filing her fingernails. Wendell walks past the glass, waving. She speaks without looking up.

6 WENDELL: Hey, Doris. How's it going?

7 DORIS: Another day, another dollar.

8 WENDELL: I hear ya.

3.5) Wendell passes between some more armed guards, but these guys are in heavier armor, and they're armed with flame throwers or some sort of high-tech weaponry.

9 CAPTION: Doris is wearing that sweater again.

10 CAPTION: I could maybe stay and chat with her....
Still have a few minutes before my shift starts...

3.6) Wendell's pushing open a metal door with a red light flashing above it.

11 CAPTION: But I'm eager to get inside, to get to the job...

Pages Four-Five

Two Page Spread, Five Panels

- 1) Big panel. Wendell's entering a huge room with no windows and only the one door. Across the room, we see a guy dressed like Wendell manning a huge machine gun. The gun is mounted into the floor on a swivel, right at the edge of a round pit in the floor. The man's firing the gun down into the pit, and the air is filled with the sound of gunfire. Behind the man is a metal folding chair and a card table. His lunchbox sits on the table. All along the walls are stacked crate after wooden crate, all of them stamped ".50 Caliber Ammo."

1 CAPTION: So I can **relax**.

2 SFX: BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
BUDDA

- 2) Tighter on the machine gunner. He has stopped firing and is looking at Wendell as he approaches. The gunner (KID, we'll call him) is in his late 20s. He has his work shirt off and tied around his waist, just a sleeveless t-shirt on underneath so we see several prison tattoos on his arms. One of the crates is open, and the belt of ammo is feeding into the gun.

3 KID: Hey, Wendell. 'Bout that time, I guess, huh?

4 WENDELL: Yep.

- 3) The kid stands at the edge of the pit, looking down into it, wiping sweat from his brow.

5 KID: Hey, **tell** me something...

- 4) Tight on Wendell, looking toward the pit.

6 KID (from off): You ever heard him make a sound?

7 WENDELL: Who? **Him?**

5) Tight on the kid, still looking down into the pit.

8 KID: Yeah. I mean it's been **six weeks**, right,
and I've never heard him cry out or
whimper or **nothin'**.

9 WENDELL: Best not to dwell on it, kid.

Page Six

Six Panels

6.1) Looking into the pit, we see that someone's lying in there, cloaked in shadow.

1 KID (from off): Yeah, but don't you ever wonder, like, what his **story** is and all?

6.2) Tight on Wendell, stern-faced.

2 WENDELL: He's in the pit. We're paid to keep him there. End of story.

6.3) The kid's walking away, still glancing at the pit, obviously not satisfied with Wendell's answer.

3 KID: I suppose you're right.

4 KID: Anyway, I'll see ya tomorrow.

6.4) Wendell stands at the edge of the pit, looking down.

5 CAPTION: I didn't tell the kid, but there was one thing I **did** know about the man in the pit.

6.5) Tighter on Wendell.

6 CAPTION: Over the years, I've sat across the table from some of the most depraved and dangerous killers you can imagine.

7 CAPTION: After a while, you get so you can see it in their eyes.

6.6) Tighter.

8 CAPTION: And one look at the man in the pit, just
one look in those cold, black eyes, and I
know...

9 CAPTION: I know beyond a shadow of the doubt...

Page Seven

Splash Page

Full reveal on Wolverine. He's curled up in the bottom of the pit, naked, looking up at us through the shadows, snarling a little. He's totally shot to shit from head to toe. He's absolutely covered with bullet holes, some of them still smoking. Big chunks of meat have been blasted away, but I'd rather we didn't show any of his gleaming metal bones showing through. Whenever I see too much of Wolvie's metal bones, it reminds me of The Terminator, of a robot, and robots don't feel pain. But here, Wolvie should look like every single inch of him is on fire with pain. The stone walls of the pit are splattered with blood and pockmarked with bullet holes. Bullets litter the ground. There's a drain in the middle of the floor, with holes in it big enough for the used bullets to fall through whenever they hose down the pit.

CAPTION:

This sonuva bitch is as dangerous as they come.

Page Eight

Five Panels

- 8.1) Wendell's sitting in the folding chair with his lunchbox on the table. Next to the lunchbox is an egg timer.

1 CAPTION: For most people, it still might be hard to do what I do, having no idea who this guy is or what he's actually done to deserve such punishment.

- 8.2) Wendell sits looking at the egg timer.

2 CAPTION: For me though, this is **easy**.

3 CAPTION: For me, this has become almost therapeutic. A stress reliever, you might say.

- 8.3) The timer goes off.

4 SFX: ding ding ding

5 CAPTION: Some people squeeze those little squishy things. Others watch steel balls clink back and forth on their desks.

- 8.4) Wendell's standing at the machine gun, his ear muffs on, getting ready to fire.

6 CAPTION: **Me**, I take a gun that fires 1000 rounds a minute...

- 8.5) Wendell fires away.

7 CAPTION: And I shoot the man in the pit.

Page Nine

Five Panels

- 9.1) Jump ahead a few hours. Wendell's sitting at the table, eating his lunch. Doris is standing next to the pit, holding a Polaroid camera.

NO COPY

- 9.2) Doris snaps a photo, aiming the camera down into the pit.

1 SFX: **click**

2 SFX: **whirrrrrrr**

- 9.3) Wendell's watching her, trying not to stare, but he can't help it.

3 WENDELL: Uh, so **Doris**... I know you like that...
that one **comedian** that's uh, coming to
town next weekend, right?

4 WENDELL: And see, I know this guy who works at
the club, so I was thinkin'... you know,
maybe I could ask him to get a couple
tickets for me? You know?

- 9.4) Suddenly uncomfortable, she walks past him in a hurry, flapping the photo as she goes.

5 DORIS: Uh yeah, you should totally do that,
Wendell.

6 DORIS: I bet your **wife** will love it.

- 9.5) Wendell looks dejected.

7 WENDELL: Yeah. Sure. I bet she will.

Page Ten

Six Panels

10.1) Wendell's alone now, hitting himself in the side of the head, looking like he's about to cry.

1 WENDELL: Stupid stupid stupid stupid stupid.

2 WOLVIE (from off): You're **pathetic**, ya know that, Wendell?

10.2) Tight on Wendell with a totally shocked look on his face.

3 WOLVIE (from off): A girl like Doris would **never** go out with you, even if she knew the **truth** about your wife.

10.3) Wendell's standing up, gawking at the pit.

4 WENDELL: Wha... Wha... **What?!**

10.4) Looking down into the pit, we see Wolvie sitting in the shadows. Not sitting comfortably or anything, but just sort of slumped against the wall of the pit. He should always look like he's so shot to shit that he's physically unable to really do anything for himself, let alone try to escape.

5 WOLVERINE: C'mon, Wendell. When're ya gonna **man up** already and just **tell** everybody...

6 WOLVERINE: Tell 'em that your wife left you weeks ago.

10.5) Tight on Wendell, panicking, trying to fire the gun.

7 WOLVERINE: They're gonna figure it out eventually, ya know.

8 WENDELL: Stop talking, **please** stop talking...

9 WOLVERINE (from off): 'Specially if ya keep mixin' that
whiskey with yer Extra Bold Sumatra ev

—

10.6) Wendell fires the gun into the pit.

10 SFX: BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

Page Eleven

Six Panels

11.1) Jump ahead a few hours. Wendell's walking back through the guards at the elevator. Wendell's trying to smile, but he looks almost shellshocked.

1 CAPTION: Five hours later...

2 X-RAY MAN: Is it **quittin'** time all ready?

3 WENDELL: 'Fraid so...

11.2) He walks past the security guard at the desk. Wendell doesn't even try to smile now. He's just wants to get the hell out of there as fast as possible, without looking suspicious.

4 GUARD: We'll see ya tomorrow, Wendell.

5 WENDELL: Yeah...

11.3) Wendell hurries across the parking lot toward his car.

NO COPY

11.4) He's next to the car, doubled over, puking his guts out.

6 WENDELL: **Blaaarrrgghh!**

11.5) He looks up, wiping his mouth, glancing around to make sure no one saw him.

NO COPY

11.6) Wendell drives away.

NO COPY

Page Twelve

Six Panels

12.1) Exterior of a cheap motel. Wendell's car is parked out front, and he's knocking on the door of one of the rooms.

NO COPY

12.2) His wife, Cindy, opens the door without undoing the chain. She looks like a woman who's been rode hard and put up wet way too many times. Her hair looks fried, her face too caked with make-up. A cigarette dangles from her mouth. She's wearing a robe and pulling it tight with one hand, to hide any glimpse of her flesh.

1 CINDY: Yeah?

2 WENDELL: Cindy, it's **me**. Your **husband**.

3 CINDY: **Ex**-husband. You bring my alimony?

12.3) Wendell hands an envelope of cash through the door.

4 WENDELL: Cindy, listen... I need to **talk**...

5 WENDELL: Do you have a minute? Can you let me in?

12.4) Wendell's standing at the door, trying to talk to her.

6 WENDELL: **Please**, just let me in. I just... I need to talk to **someone**.

7 CINDY: Next time come before the **bank** closes, ya hear?

12.5) Cindy slams the door in his face.

8 WENDELL: Cindy, **please—**

9 SFX: SLAM

12.6) Pull back. Wendell's still standing there, head down.

NO COPY

Page Thirteen

Five Panels

13.1) Exterior shot of Wendell's house. Early evening.

NO COPY

13.2) Inside, Wendell's pressing the playback button on his answering machine, listening to the messages, looking dejected.

1 MACHINE: You have **thirteen** messages...

2 MACHINE: Yes, I'm calling from Midwest
Collections for Mr. Wendell Ray—

3 SFX: Beep

4 MACHINE: Mr. Rayfield, this is the First National
Bank of—

5 SFX: Beep

6 MACHINE: Sir, this is your final notice for—

7 SFX: Beep

13.3) Wendell sits at the dinner table, eating dinner alone.

NO COPY

13.4) Wendell's lying in bed, in the dark, staring straight up at the ceiling.

NO COPY

13.5) It's morning, and the alarm clock is blaring. Wendell's still lying in the same position, still staring at the ceiling.

8 SFX: ZERRR ZERRR ZERRR ZERRR
ZERRR

Page Fourteen

Five Panels

14.1) We're back inside the big room with the pit. Wendell's sitting in the folding chair, staring at the pit.

NO COPY

14.2) Tighter on Wendell, staring at the pit, wringing his hands.

NO COPY

14.3) Looking down into the pit, we see Wolvie slumped against the wall again, looking like he's dead.

1 WENDELL (from off): **How** did you know?

14.4) Back to Wendell.

2 WENDELL: How did you know about my **wife**?

14.5) Tight on Wolvie, face still obscured by the shadows, still pockmarked with bullet holes, but we can make out that he's grinning to himself.

NO COPY

Page Fifteen

Five Panels

15.1) Tight on Wolvie, sniffing the air.

1 SFX: sniff

2 WOLVERINE: You saw her last night, didn't ya?

15.2) Wendell stands at the edge of the pit, looking angry.

3 WENDELL: **How** could you know that?

15.3) Wolvie leers up at us through the shadows.

4 WOLVERINE: Because she smells like a **chemical fire**,
your wife.

5 WOLVERINE: That first week here, I smelled her
rancid perfume on ya every day.

6 WOLVERINE: And then about a month ago,
thankfully... it was gone.

7 WOLVERINE: Soon to be replaced by the salty stench
of late night tears and the sweet aroma
of cask-strength, single malt Scotch.

8 WOLVERINE: Don't suppose you happened to bring
any of that with ya, by the way, didja?

15.4) The egg timer goes off. Wendell's looking at the machine gun, a
little distressed.

9 SFX: ding ding ding

10 WENDELL: Um.... I, uh... I gotta...

11 WOLVIE (from off): Oh, it's okay, Wendell...

15.5) Back to Wolvie, grinning to himself again.

12 WOLVERINE: You go ahead and do your job. Don't
worry...

13 WOLVERINE: We'll talk more after.

Page Sixteen

Five Panels

16.1) Five minutes later. The firing has just stopped. Wolvie is struggling to rise from the floor of the pit, smoke rising from his freshly bullet-riddled body.

1 CAPTION: Five minutes later...

2 WOLVERINE: You're ah... you're not used to takin' those **headshots**, are ya there, Wendell?

16.2) Wolvie's digging in his eye socket with two fingers, seen only in silhouette maybe, if this is too graphic.

3 WOLVERINE: Your natural instinct's to shoot to **wound**, ain't it?

4 WOLVERINE: Not like these other yahoos they got here. Them boys are straight-up **killers**. But **you**, Wendell...

5 WOLVERINE: I'm guessing you were once a **cop**.

16.3) He pulls a bullet out of the socket. A thin trail of bloody goo runs from the bullet back to the socket.

6 WOLVERINE: And I can tell by how ya hold the gun that you've broken your hands before. Lotsa times, I'd say.

16.4) He flicks the bullet onto the ground.

7 WOLVERINE: So you were a cop who liked to **hit** people, am I right?

8 SFX: tink

16.5) Wolvie smirks, blood running down his face from his empty eye socket.

9 WOLVERINE: 'Zat why you're not a cop anymore?

Page Seventeen

Six Panels

17.1) Flashback. We see Wendell a few years ago in his police uniform, holding a bloody baton, standing over some young punk he's just beaten senseless. Some of the punk's teeth are scattered on the ground in front of him.

1 WENDELL: Pick up your teeth and get the hell outta my sight.

2 WENDELL: And maybe next time you'll remember to address me as "sir."

17.2) Back to Wendell, pacing around the edge of the pit.

3 WENDELL: I...

4 WOLVIE (from off): You **like** this job, Wendell?

5 WENDELL: I **used** to.

17.3) Tight on Wendell, averting his eyes from the pit.

6 WENDELL: Seeing you in there, it made me feel like...

7 WENDELL: Like there was at least one person in the world, more **miserable** than me.

17.4) Wolvie's leaning forward, head down, his body slowly knitting itself back together.

8 WOLVERINE: You like watchin' people **suffer**, don't ya? Deep down, you like **makin'** 'em suffer.

9 WOLVERINE: **Who** was it that tau—

17.5) Wolvie is blasted back against the wall by machine gun fire.

10 SFX: BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

17.6) Wendell stands behind the machine gun, the barrel smoking.

He's angry, defiant, not gonna be broken without a fight.

11 WENDELL: I'm just doing my **job**.

Page Eighteen

Nine Panels

18.1) Wendell's leaving work, carrying his lunchbox, exiting the elevator and just staring straight ahead, looking exhausted, hollow-eyed.

1 CAPTION: My **job**. That's all I got.

2 CAPTION: I never figured I'd be looking down the business end of forty some day, with no career...

18.2) Wendell sits at his dinner table, eating dinner alone, as usual. But the table is starting to get messy with trash.

3 CAPTION: No wife, no kids...

4 CAPTION: Not a single friend...

5 CAPTION: No one in the world to even talk to...

18.3) The pit.

6 CAPTION: Except **him**.

18.4) Wolvie, freshly shot to pieces yet again, spits a bullet onto the floor.

7 CAPTION: I don't know what sparked it, but he talks to me every day now. He never shuts up.

8 WOLVERINE: ptew

9 SFX: clink

18.5) Doris passes Wendell, flapping a Polaroid photo, like we saw in panel 9.4. But Wendell's not even looking at her. He's staring off into nothing.

10 CAPTION: Unless there's someone else around.

11 CAPTION: I'm pretty sure I'm the only one he talks to.

18.6) A different gunner is manning the machine gun, getting ready to fire. It's either the kid we saw back on pages 4-6 or somebody different. Somebody younger and tougher looking than Wendell. Wendell's passing behind him, leaving.

12 GUNNER: Today's the day, mutie. You're finally gonna **scream** for me, ain't ya?

18.7) Wendell's lying in bed, staring at the ceiling.

13 CAPTION: Maybe I should tell someone, I don't know.

18.8) Wendell's firing the gun.

14 CAPTION: But then again, I'm still doing the job, just like I'm supposed to. And he's only **talking**.

18.9) Tight on Wendell.

15 CAPTION: What the hell harm can come from that?

Page Nineteen

Five Panels

19.1) Wendell's sitting in the folding chair next to the pit, slumped forward, his chin resting in his hands. He looks like hell. His clothes are wrinkled, his hair's a mess and he's unshaven. He's starting to come apart at the seams.

1 CAPTION: Two weeks later...

2 WOLVIE (from pit): So tell me again about your **father**...

19.2) Tighter on Wendell.

3 WENDELL: I don't wanna talk about that.

4 WOLVIE (from off): You said your mother died giving birth to you, and your father, he always blamed you for that, right?

19.3) Flashback. Tight on eight-year-old Wendell, smiling, light from a TV playing across his face.

5 CAPTION: "He blamed you for **everything**, didn't he, Wendell?"

19.4) Wendell's dad is coming up the stairs from the basement, his eyes piercing through the darkness, full of rage and hate. He's holding a belt in one hand, holding it tight, meaning harm.

6 CAPTION: "When he drank too much..."

7 CAPTION: "When he lost his job..."

8 CAPTION: "When his life spiraled down the toilet..."

19.5) Young Wendell sits watching TV. Behind him, his father is just coming through the basement door.

9 CAPTION: "The worse things got, he more he hated
you."

Page Twenty

Four Panels

20.1) Young Wendell is looking back toward us, terrified. We glimpse his father coming toward him, the belt in his hand.

1 CAPTION: "You said he drank in the basement, right? And when he was good and sauced, he'd grab whatever was handy..."

20.2) Same view, but Wendell is a year or two older. There are bruises up and down his arms. And his father is holding a plunger.

2 CAPTION: "And he'd come up those stairs..."

3 CAPTION: "And he'd **show** ya... He'd show ya just **exactly** how much he hated you, wouldn't he?"

20.3) Same view, but Wendell is a little older again. One of his arms is in a cast. And his father is holding a whiskey bottle.

4 CAPTION: "Again and again... Night after night... He'd show ya."

20.4) Wendell's on his knees, recoiling in terror, and his dad is standing over him, raising the whiskey bottle, ready to smash it on Wendell's head.

5 CAPTION: "He'd beat ya half to death, and he'd tell ya all the while..."

6 CAPTION: "It's all your fault."

7 CAPTION: "It's all your fault."

Page Twenty-One

Five Panels

21.1) We're looking down at young Wendell, bloody and bruised, curled up on the floor in the fetal position amid broken glass and smashed furniture.

1 CAPTION: "Tell me, Wendell, in all those years, all those times he beat ya..."

2 CAPTION: "Did you ever stop to consider..."

3 CAPTION: "Maybe he was **right**?"

21.2) Back to Wendell in the present, sitting in the folding chair, head in hands.

4 WOLVIE (from off): Maybe it **was** your fault.

21.3) Tighter on Wendell.

5 WOLVIE (from off): Your mother, your father, your wife, all those people you abused as a cop... Hell, pretty much everyone you've ever known...

6 WOLVIE (from off): Wouldn't they all've been better off if you'd just **never** been born?

21.4) Tight on Wolvie, smirking.

7 WOLVIE (softly): Think on that for a while, bub.

21.5) Wendell sits with his head down.

NO COPY

Page Twenty-Two

Four Panels

22.1) Wendell's leaving work, head down, lunchbox in hand, walking between the armed guards, who don't even seem to notice him.

1 CAPTION: Maybe it was your fault, said the man in the pit.

2 CAPTION: And then, just like that...

22.2) Wolvie's slumped in the shadows, looking like he's dead or asleep.

3 CAPTION: He doesn't say anything else.

22.3) Wendell sits at the card table, having lunch. He's chewing his sandwich, but staring all the while at the pit.

4 CAPTION: I keep shooting him, same as before.

5 CAPTION: But he ain't talking.

22.4) He's sitting on the edge of his bed at home, staring into nothing, having just risen in the morning. The bedroom is trashed. Clothes are strewn on the floor. The alarm clock is smashed to pieces. The mattress is sliding off the bed, the sheets torn away.

6 CAPTION: After a while, I start to think that maybe I imagined the whole thing.

Page Twenty-Three

Four Panels

23.1) Wendell's standing next to his car, having arrived for work. His clothes are dirty and wrinkled, his shirt unbuttoned and untucked. He's unshaven and unkempt. He's chugging a bottle of whiskey.

1 CAPTION: But whether it was real or not, it's dredged up a lot of old demons, that's for sure.

23.2) Wendell is being beaten by his co-workers, the other gunners. He's lying on the pavement next to a dumpster, spitting up blood, while his co-workers stand around, kicking him.

2 CAPTION: And that doesn't escape the notice of my co-workers.

3 CO-WORKER: You screw this up for us, Wendell, and you and your wife are both **dead!**

4 CAPTION: They kindly remind me what's at stake.

23.3) At home, Wendell's answering machine sits on the counter, surrounded by trash.

5 CAPTION: And eventually I realize what it is I gotta do...

6 MACHINE: Wendell, remember me? Your **wife**, Cindy? Where the hell's my **alimony?!!**

23.4) Wendell's firing the machine gun, eyes wide, looking like a crazy man.

7 CAPTION: What I gotta do to finally be free...

Page Twenty-Four

Five Panels

24.1) Late night. Wendell's car is parked outside a nursing home.

1 CAPTION: And there's only one man who can help
me do it.

24.2) Inside, we see Wendell's hand pushing open the door to
someone's room.

NO COPY

24.3) A shriveled, harmless looking old man, Wendell's dad, sits in a
wheelchair next to the window, a blanket over his legs, staring
into space.

NO COPY

24.4) Wendell's shadow falls across his dad. Dad looks up at him.

2 DAD: Ah. Are you the man come to fix the TV
set?

24.5) Wendell stands over his father, looking intense and holding a
gun in his hand.

3 WENDELL: No, dad.

Page Twenty-Five

Five Panels

25.1) Wendell gets right down in his father's face. Wendell looks angry and intense, like he's come here to kill his father. His father doesn't even recognize him. His eyes are blank.

1 WENDELL: Look at me. You remember your son?

25.2) Tight on Wendell, eyes brimming with tears.

2 WENDELL: Do you remember how much you **hated** me?

3 WENDELL: How you **beat** me and told me you wished that I was dead?

25.3) Tight on dad, stricken with Alzheimer's, not understanding anything that's going on.

4 DAD: Did I?

25.4) Wendell's pressing the gun into his dad's shriveled, arthritic hand.

5 WENDELL: Take this, old man.

6 WENDELL: Take it and show me that you meant what you said...

25.5) Wendell's on his knees in front of his dad's chair, pressing the gun into his dad's hand and aiming the barrel right at his own forehead.

7 WENDELL: **Kill me.**

Page Twenty-Six

Five Panels

26.1) The gun slides out of dad's limp hand and falls to the floor.

1 SFX: THUNK

26.2) Wendell's trying to press the gun into his dad's hand again.

2 WENDELL: All you have to do is pull the trigger,
dad. You can do that.

26.3) The barrel's pressed right to Wendell's face again. He's gritting his teeth, eyes closed, ready to die.

3 WENDELL: Just pull the trigger. Just do it.

4 WENDELL: Pull the trigger, damnit.

5 WENDELL: Damn you to hell, just pull the trigger,
dad. Just do it, **please...**

26.4) His dad looks down at him, bewildered.

6 WENDELL: Please, just kill me.

7 WENDELL: Please...

26.5) Wendell has his head in his dad's lap, sobbing. Dad pats him reassuringly.

8 DAD: Ah. Are you here to fix the TV set?

Page Twenty-Seven

Four Panels

27.1) Wendell's car is parked in the parking lot at work, and he's walking toward the warehouse, carrying his lunchbox.

1 CAPTION: The next morning...

27.2) He walks past the guards outside the elevator. He doesn't seem to notice them, like he's in a daze. Wendell has shaved, and his clothes are clean and freshly ironed.

2 CAPTION: As usual, my father has proved a huge disappointment.

3 X-RAY MAN: Hey, Wendell. How'zit goin'?

27.3) He passes Doris, who's at her desk, filing her nails. Again, Wendell doesn't even seem to notice her.

4 CAPTION: Luckily, I have someone else I know I can count on...

27.4) He heads through the metal door with the red light flashing above it.

5 CAPTION: The one man alive I'm sure will not hesitate to kill me...

Page Twenty-Eight

Six Panels

28.1) Wendell stands behind the machine gun, staring down into the pit, still looking like he's in a daze.

NO COPY

28.2) Looking down the barrel of the gun, into the pit, like from Wendell's POV.

NO COPY

28.3) The timer on the table goes off.

1 SFX: ding ding ding

28.4) Wendell stands behind the gun, not moving, just staring.

2 SFX: ding ding ding

28.5) Tighter on Wendell, still not moving.

3 SFX: ding ding ding

28.6) Tighter on Wendell.

4 SFX: ding ding ding

Page Twenty-Nine

Five Panels

29.1) A few of the guards bust in through the door, guns out, ready for action.

1 GUARD: What in the hell?! **Why** are you not firing?

2 GUARD: **Fire** your weapon, gunner! Fire you weapon **now!**

29.2) The guards are shot to pieces.

3 SFX: BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

29.3) Wendell's behind the gun, the barrel still smoking. He has swung it around to face the door.

NO COPY

29.4) We're looking up from inside the pit.

NO COPY

29.5) Same view. Wendell steps into view, looking down at us.

4 WENDELL: It's okay.

5 WENDELL: You can come out now.

Page Thirty

Five Panels

30.1) Ground level view, right at top the rim of the pit.

1 CAPTION: Over the years, I've sat across the table from some of the most depraved and dangerous killers you can imagine.

30.2) Same view. Wolvie's bloody, bullet-riddled hand grips the rim.

2 CAPTION: After a while, you get so you can see it in their eyes.

30.3) Same view. Wolvie's eyes crest the edge of the pit, wide with blood lust.

3 CAPTION: And one look at the man in the pit, just one look in those cold, black eyes, and I know...

4 CAPTION: I know beyond a shadow of the doubt...

30.4) From behind, we see Wolvie pulling himself up out of the pit. Wendell's on his knees, looking on.

5 CAPTION: This is the man who's gonna kill me.

30.5) Tight on Wendell, grinning like a kid about to open a Christmas present.

6 WENDELL: Yes...

Page Thirty-One

Three Panels

31.1) Big panel. Similar to panel 20.4. Wendell's on his knees, and
Wolvie stands over him.

NO COPY

31.2) Wolvie grabs him by the throat with one hand...

1 WENDELL: Plea—

2 WENDELL: aaarrrk

31.3) And sticks his other hand right in front of Wendell's face as the
claws pop out.

3 SFX: SNIKT

4 WOLVERINE: Ah.

5 WOLVERINE: Feels good to do that again.

Page Thirty-Two

Six Panels

32.1) Wolvie's snarling, leaning right into Wendell's face.

1 WOLVERINE: Tell me what I wanna know, Wendell,
and we'll make this quick.

2 WOLVERINE: How did I get here? Who hired you?

32.2) Tight on Wendell, brimming with excitement at the thought of finally dying.

3 WENDELL: I don't know, I never saw his face. And
you were already here when I started.
Please...

32.3) Wendell's grinning a wretched looking grin. Wolvie's still holding him by the throat, just staring.

4 WENDELL: Please just kill me.

5 WENDELL: I kept you here. I watched you suffer. I
shot you so many times.

32.3) Tight on Wendell, breathless. Wolvie's claws are right in his face.

6 WENDELL: Kill me! Do it now!

32.4) Same view, but Wolvie pops his claws back in.

7 SFX: SNIKT

32.5) Wolvie tosses him aside like so much trash, tossing him in the direction of the pit.

8 WOLVERINE: No.

Page Thirty-Three

Five Panels

33.1) Looking up from the bottom of the pit, from Wendell's POV.

NO COPY

33.2) Same view. Wolvie leans into view, looking down at us.

1 WOLVERINE: Look at you, Wendell. You really are pathetic, aren't ya?

33.3) Same view.

2 WOLVERINE: By the way, **everything** I told you... it was total B.S.

3 WOLVERINE: Your father was a **scumbag**, and you should've **killed** him years ago. If you had, maybe things would've been different for you.

4 WOLVERINE: As a kid, my heart goes out to you, Wendell. As an adult though, you never shoulda crossed my path.

33.4) Same view. Wolvie looks away, back toward the door.

5 WOLVERINE: I'm gonna go now and kill those guards waitin' outside. And then every other person in this building.

6 WOLVERINE: And after that, I'm gonna find the man who hired you, and I'm gonna cut him into itty-bitty pieces.

33.5) Same view. Wolvie looks back down at Wendell.

7 WOLVERINE: But not you, Wendell. I'm not gonna harm a hair on your head. I wouldn't give ya the satisfaction.

8 WOLVERINE: Far as I'm concerned...

Page Thirty-Four

Splash Page

Looking down from above, we see Wendell lying in the bottom of the pit, curled up in the fetal position, just like we saw him as a kid in panel 21.1. Wolverine is walking away.

1 WOLVERINE: You're right where you belong.

2 TITLE: The Man in the Pit

3 CREDITS:

Pages Thirty-Five through Thirty-Six

Epilogue